

A preacher figured in one rescue, where others' courage failed. A poor fellow had clung to the top branches of a tree, and the boat, in the middle of the raging torrent and was liable to be rooted up at any moment. No boat could live. So the men above rigged up a cotton bale with a cable, and the plan was to let the boat float down to the man. But some one was needed to steer it and fasten it and help the exhausted man in the tree. A preacher volunteered and actually rode that bale of cotton down that current to the rescue of the man. Then, in certain death, pulled the man upon it with him, and both were hauled up stream into life from the very roaring jaws of death. A man left his wife and sister in his cottage, now surrounded by water, and, with a rope, tied it fast, and with the other end in his teeth, swam back. When he was almost in arm's length of his home, the cruel current lifted it bodily away from him and bore it down the rapids. The man, with his rope, swam back four miles below that house, was seen floating by with the women still alive within it.

There are other things that are horrible. Here, in a great pile of sand, that the falling water has left, a woman's foot stuck out and led to the discovery of the dead body. In the sands along